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AND HORTICULTURAL REGISTER.

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N. E. FARMER.

For the N. E. Farmer.

PILFERING FRUIT.

The following is extracted from a paper in the Transactions of the New York State Agricultural Society, by David Thomas, Esq. Let us tell the truth to our shame, and hereafter maintain a conscience void of offence: —

"Unfortunately for the moral character of our population, fruit is too generally considered lawful plunder. The culturist is allowed to have a full and exclusive right to his corn and potatoes: it would be infamy to steal *them*; but no exclusive right to his fruit, if they can get it. Thousands of honorable exceptions to this charge indeed may be found, but it is not the less true that a great part of our population is tainted, and deserves to be branded with reproach.

"The native fruit of a thinly populated country, growing without culture, and free to all, has doubtless had its share in producing this laxity of morals. 'I would sooner have a hundred Irishmen around me than one Yankee,' was the declaration of a sufferer, whose fruit had been plundered near the line of the Erie canal, when that great work was in progress. Europeans are generally more exemplary on this point than Americans—shame on us! When Professor Stowe was in Prussia, where the roads are lined with fruit trees, by order of the government, he observed a wisp of straw, attached to particular trees to protect the fruit—a sufficient guard; but he suggested to the coachman that in America it might only prove an invitation to plunder. 'Have you no schools?' was the significant reply.

"Yes, we have schools; but how many where the child is taught to respect his neighbor's property? Too often he acquires literature and vice at the same time. The State of New York is famous for her schools and her prisons—the latter to supply the defects of the former system, which they do, however, very imperfectly. Better let the mandate go forth that *the morality of the Bible* shall be *one* of the chief objects of instruction. Teach her children to be honest."

How very just are the sentiments of the above; how applicable they are to the population in and round our boasted moral city of Boston. In this case we are worse than the Irish, and we have not the respect for *our* neighbors fruits, that a Bedouin Arab has for the property of one of *his* tribe. In Stephens' Incidents of Travel, vol. i. p. 203, will be found an account of their honesty. "Not far from the tract we saw, hanging on a thorn bush, the black cloth of a Bedouin's tent, with the pole, ropes, pegs, and every thing necessary to convert it into a habitation for a family. It had been there six months; the owner had gone to a new pasture ground, and there it had hung, sacred and untouched, until he returned to claim it. 'It belongs to one of our tribe, and cursed be the hands that touch it,' is the feelings of every Bedouin. Uncounted gold might be exposed in the same way; and the poorest Bedouin, though a robber by birth and profession, would pass by and touch it not."

Now what nation, by us *Christians*, is held in greater contempt than the Irish or Bedouin Arabs, as to their just sense of right and wrong—and here we have their character from competent witnesses, and it should cause us to reflect, and set our faces against this wicked practice of converting to our use what is not our own. Our children should be instructed on this evil practice; our sabbath and common schools should be made instrumental in this moral reform, and it should no longer be to our shame that orchards of fine fruits cannot be cultivated, and kept sacred for the use of the cultivator and his family. A Farmer.

The evil here noticed by "A Farmer," is vexatious and grievous. We hope it will be commented upon by others, until an impression shall be made upon the public mind, so wide and deep that this petty thieving shall be scorned by all classes and characters in the community. The subject is a *fruit*-ful one, and we invite our correspondents to give it their attention.—Ed. N. E. F.

From the Farmers' Journal.

SOD FENCES.

In many sections of Maine and Massachusetts, this species of fence is rapidly coming into use. I perceive also, that many of our agricultural papers speak favorably of it, particularly the New England Farmer, by the way an excellent and powerful coadjutor in the good work, and which is seldom guilty of recommending any thing not of actual and veritable utility to the cause which it supports. The Eastern Farmer also joins in recommending it, besides which we have the testimony of many who have tested its merits, and found it to subserve all the uses, and to be characterized by all the important characteristics which their previous conceptions of its utility had led them to expect. Yet there are some who blindly ridicule the idea, because it is an *innovation*. The system is a new one, relatively speaking, and they cannot consent to favor, openly, a practice in husbandry which has not received the sanction of, or been adopted previously by, their sapient sires. The innovation in question, for we readily admit that it is one, savors forsooth, a little too much of "*foreignism*," or, it may be, of that species of farming, which, having originated in transatlantic climes, is consequently known to us only through the medium of books. This prejudice should be overcome. An improvement in science or the arts is no less valuable for having been effected by an Englishman; nor should we hesitate to adopt any practice that is calculated to effect a saving of time and money, be its origin what and whence it may. The opponent of Galileo refused to look through his telescope because he felt assured in his own mind that he should see the moons of Jupiter, and thereby be forced to admit that he was wrong, and Galileo right.

There are many sections of New England where this species of fence must evidently one day be of use. As other materials become scarce, necessity will compel us to use sods as our only resource. We shall then find that those who have listened to the promptings of their own evil prejudices, and neglected to practice a system sanctioned both by reason and experience, have done wrong. The expense is trifling, and on most farms it will be found as cheap as wall, and stand as many years.

Windham, Me. H. D. White.

TIME FOR BUDDING FRUIT TREES.

No exact time can be set for budding, as much depends on the season, yet some general rules may be of advantage to the inexperienced. When the season is early, and very favorable in the first of the summer to the growth of trees, they will be in season for budding at an earlier period than in late seasons. Dry weather tends to ripen the wood and check the growth, so that the season for budding will not continue so long as it will when the weather is warm and rains are abundant, which causes a late growth of trees.

In this climate, August is the time for budding cherry, plum, pear, and apple trees. The cherry generally from the 1st to the 10th or 15th, the plum a little later, from the 5th to the 15th or 20th, the pear and apple from the 10th to the 20th or 25th, and sometimes to the last of the months. In some seasons the apple continues to grow so late that it may be budded the first of September. The pear should be budded a little earlier than the apple, though nearly at the same time.

The peach of two years growth may be budded from the middle of August to the middle of September; of one year's growth, from the 1st to the 10th or 15th of September. Much depends on the season. Eight or ten warm days are necessary after setting the buds to cause them to take well. Sometimes they succeed when set the 20th, but when set so late we are liable to have cold nights, which will destroy the buds, or prevent their uniting with the stock. As the peach grows rapidly and is generally a short-lived tree, it is best to bud it the first year, as with a good growth it will be large enough.

As peaches grow late and are budded late, it is more difficult to fix on the best time. It cannot be done, but is a matter of risk, as we cannot foresee the weather. If set early and the warm weather continues long, the buds are likely to start the first season, and in this case they will be so tender that they will be destroyed by the cold, and if set late, cold weather may succeed and prevent their taking, as it is termed. So the safest way is to take a medium between the extremes of early and late.

Buds of all kinds when set too early will grow the first season and thus be liable to destruction by the cold. Some persons bud in June, in order that the buds may start early and get a good growth, and the wood become hardened before cold weather, but this method is not much practiced.—*Farmers' Jour.*

MR TURNER AGAINST ROTATION.

Our readers will remember the articles in recent numbers, in which Rev. J. H. Turner, (a very successful farmer near Richmond, Va.,) has maintained that nature does not resort to *rotation of crops*; and those in which the editor of the Farmers' Register and we ourselves have maintained the opposite. We give below, from the Farmers' Register, parts of Mr Turner's rejoinder to the attacks that have been made upon him. This we do as an act of courtesy to *him, partly*—partly also because his communication is in itself a spirited and interesting description of what he has observed of nature's operations—but especially because his views are here seen to be, so far as they have any practical bearing upon agriculture, quite accordant with those held by his opposers.

He does not call frequent changes of crops upon the same soil—*rotations*. Strictly, they are not such—but usage has made *rotation* signify very nearly if not precisely tke same as *change*.

Mr Turner finds it most profitable to change the crop frequently upon his land. He therefore has learned the only lesson upon the subject that we have any desire to inculcate.

A few of his remarks—"not one of which," he says, "I am bold to say, can be controverted"—we should be bold or rash enough to controvert, were we in want of matter to fill our columns—but being short of space for the week, we will merely say, that with us, the assertion that "the whole object of plowing, weeding, &c., is merely to destroy nature's crop," is not orthodox. *We* plow and stir, partly, *to help man's crop to grow vigorously*. We should soon tire of farming, if our only object, and especially our only success, were the destruction of nature's crop.—Ed. N. E. F.

Extracts from Mr Turner's Article.

"Having now shown that I am no rotationist, either on the *peculiar ingredients* system, or for the sake of increasing, or even maintaining, a present fertility, which, by-the-by, as I still think, fairly covers the whole ground, I will proceed to state, that I advocate a change of crops, whenever I can make a greater profit by so doing. The *profit*, then, is the leading idea, by which I am governed in this thing. In illustration of this, I will suppose that there is a piece of ground just recovered from the forest. I will not sow grass, or wheat, or any other broadcast crop there, because it is certain that with the soil unbroken, and the large quantities of litter on the ground, the seeds would not vegetate, and therefore a crop could not be reared. But I will plant corn, or tobacco, or some other crop there, which I can cultivate on the plan of drill husbandry, and in this manner may ultimately so cleanse and pulverize the land as to make it more profitable in a baoadcast crop. Or, there is a field which has borne several crops of grass: this field is now so filthy that it does not yield a profitable crop; at least the crop in something else would be *more* profitable, paying me at the same time for the labor of changing the crop. As a matter of good management, then, I would root up the grass, and substitute its place with that other crop. But this is not rotation. It is merely a *change* of the crop, not to effect any of the purposes of a rotation, but to make the land with its cropping as profitable as possible. If the field would yield a fairer profit in grass than in any other crop, I would continue it in grass for ever—and so of other crops."

* * * * * * *

"It is true that I do practice a change of crops, not from choice, but from necessity: and in a preceding part of this paper I have stated the *extent* and the reasons *why* I do so; and the editor may make the most of it. But the editor, using me as his witness, says, that 'Mr Turner's statement of his own herds grass giving way, after a few years, to green-sward or weeds, is not only a proof of this position, but of nature's urgent demand for a change of crops.' Thus he brings both his arguments to bear upon the main point at the same time; and this at once opens the whole field of controversy.

"But before I enter upon the subject in hand, it is necessary to premise a few things. I state, then, in the most distinct manner, that I make no pretensions whatever to any thing like a *critical* acquaintance with vegetable physiology. With the exception of a few short detached pieces, I have read nothing on this subject. But I have eyes, somewhat dimmed by age, it is true, and I have thoughts, and I have tried to use them also. A book has been constantly before me—'the open volume of nature'—the pages of which I have made it my habit to consult more or less every day. From this book then, I have learned some strange things, which I propose now to detail.

Among other things I have learned that nature and art, in all their designs and in all their operations, are as completely and as thoroughly opposed to each other, as any two things can possibly be. By the term *art*, I here mean all the operations of man in which *cropping* is concerned. Considered in this respect, light and darkness are not more really and truly at variance, than nature and art. They are not only opposed in their very *being*, but also in the whole course of their operations. Whatever, therefore, the one endeavors to do, the other endeavors to *undo*. If man digs a ditch, nature immediately begins to fill it up. If man erects an enclosure around his field, nature at once begins to pull it down; and if man builds a house to dwell in, nature directly begins the work of dilapidation upon it.

Nature and man are also directly at variance in regard to their wants. The wants of man are as numerous as the 'stars of heaven or the sands on the seashore.' *Nature*, on the other hand, has but one want, and that is rich fertile lands. This object she constantly pursues with the most untiring and patient perseverance. If a *weed* springs up, and nature is not counteracted in her course, she uses it to enrich the spot on which it grew. If a *leaf* falls to the ground, nature makes use of it to nourish the tree, that produced it; or if a *limb* or even a *twig* is broken off, nature, with the most admirable economy, changes it into nutriment. Thus nature with her trees, her shrubs, her weeds, her grasses, and in fact with every thing else which she has under her exclusive control, is constantly, is steadily employed in enriching her lands. But what is the case in regard to art? It is well known that the whole policy of cultivation is not to *enrich*, but to *impoverish* the land. Instead, therefore, of giving our *artificial* crops to the land, as nature does the whole of her *natural* crops, man takes them all off. And instead of enriching our lands as nature does, man constantly impoverishes them.

I observe further, that the *crops* which nature and art cultivate, are just as distinct as the objects are for which they are cultivated. Nature has *her* crops, and man has *his* also; and they are as distinct as the objects are to which they are to be applied. Nature rears her mosses, her lichens, her shrubs, her grasses, called natural or indigenous, but the crop in which she seems to take especial delight, is her own forest tree. Man, on the other hand, cultivates his corn, his wheat, those grasses which are called artificial, and the fruit trees. Nature never cultivates the artificial grasses, because weeds and natural grasses answer her purpose better. If, therefore, the artificial grasses are made to grow, it is only at the expense of labor and trouble, and nature is trying all the time to destroy them. The whole system of cultivation, therefore, is a counteraction of nature, and it is a counteraction which she continually opposes.

In accordance with this we see, that when we fell the forest, nature immediately makes a strong effort to restore it. Sprouts spring up, and young trees make their appearance, so that if we fail to remove them, nature will soon erect a forest in the same place again. In the same manner, when man plants any of his crops, nature abhors them, and does every thing in her power to destroy them. Her great object is to put *her own crops* in the same place. Hence it is that a war is constantly waging between them, and this war is of the most deadly character, amounting to nothing short of actual extermination. Man tries to destroy nature's crop, and nature tries to destroy man's crop. *The whole object of plowing, weeding, &c., is merely to destroy nature's crop*—and nature, with her weeds and grasses, tries to destroy man's crop. Now, the editor knew all these strange things very well when he was a *practical* farmer. But since he has laid aside the plow, and taken the pen in its stead, he has perhaps forgotten them. I therefore take the liberty of bringing them to his remembrance.

With these remarks—not one of which, I am bold to say, can be controverted—I feel, as the witness cited in the case, no difficulty in telling *why* 'Mr Turner's herds-grass gives place in a few years to green sward or to weeds.' It is *not* because the land is *tired* of the herds-grass and requires a rotation; but it is simply and truly because herds-grass is an artificial grass. It is one of man's crops. Nature, therefore, abhors it, and does every thing in her power, from the beginning, to destroy it. If herds-grass had been less hardy, less tenacious of its hold, nature would have effected its destruction at an earlier period. As it is, it required three years to accomplish it. But what are three years or three thousand years in the account of nature? Green-sward, on the other hand, is a natural grass. It is one of nature's crops, and one of the uses which she makes of it is, to destroy man's artificial crop.

But this argument, to be worth any thing, must go a step further. If herds-grass yields to green-sward because the land is tired of it, or because it has taken up all the peculiar ingredients in the soil which are fitted for it—as the editor and his correspondent contend*—and therefore requires an alternation, then, for the same reason, in three *more* years, the land ought to be tired of the *green-sward*, and the green-sward ought in its turn to yield to the herds-grass. But this I utterly deny, and the editor dare not avow it. Nature has her various grasses, but this seems to be her favorite. When, therefore, I see my herds-grass yielding to green-sward or weeds, (which unfortunately is too frequently for my comfort or profit,) I ascribe

*This is a mistake, as to the editor. The doctrine may be solid, or it may be groundless; but we neither assumed it, nor referred to it.—Ed. Far. Reg.

it, not to a propensity to alternate, but to that *struggle* which nature is continually making to destroy my artificial crops, and it seems to me that the editor must in candor ascribe it to the same.

But if the editor will favor me with a visit, I will show him an argument much more in point, and much stronger in force, than the one he has adduced. Last spring I planted my corn about the usual time, perhaps a little earlier, and during all its early stages cultivated it well. But for the last four weeks we have had an almost constant succession of cloudy weather, attended with frequent showers of rain, some of which have been very heavy. The consequence is, that our plows, cultivators, and hoes, have been almost entirely banished from the field, and the whole field, from the excess of grass and weeds, presents at this time the most mortifying aspect. But what can be the reason of this? 'Oh, I can tell,' says the editor, 'and I cite Mr Turner as my evidence to prove it: the land is tired of the corn, and therefore seeks to alternate it.' What! *tired in three short months?* Or is it not, as I stated, that nature with *her* crop of grass and weeds, is seeking to destroy my crop of art, and has taken advantage of the unusually wet season to effect her purpose?

But it was stated some time ago, that nature's great and favorite crop was the forest tree. Indeed the chief and prominent object of nature seems to be to cover the whole face of the earth with her trees. She has them of the greatest variety, and she plants and nurtures them in every practicable situation. *Some* grow even in the water, and I have seen them growing also on the hard rock, where there was but a scant supply of soil to sustain them. Indeed I think it not improbable, visionary as it may appear, that large sections of land in the Valley of Virginia, now covered with forests of immense trees, were once nothing but a naked limestone rock. How else can we account for the remarkable shallowness of the soil? Now I do not say that nature planted her trees originally on the naked rock. She was too skillful a manager for such a blunder as that. But, in the first instance, she planted what *could* and actually *did* grow there, viz: mosses and lichens. With these, using the lime to decompose them, she first formed a little thin soil. Here was a beginning. Afterwards she probably employed grasses, first of the lower and then of the higher orders. After this, shrubs, &c., until, in the long lapse of time, she accumulated soil enough for her favorite crop, the forest tree, and then she planted it. And now she has the crop to which all her efforts were directed from the very beginning.

Now here I have supposed an extreme case: from no soil at all, there has been soil enough formed to sustain the forest tree. In bringing about this result, great changes have taken place, the moss has yielded to the grass; the grass to the shrub, and the shrub to the forest tree. And do not these changes prove rotation? Not at all. On the other hand, I fearlessly affirm, that *not one* of these changes was made for any of the purposes of rotation; but they are all to be regarded merely and solely as so many preparatory steps towards nature's final crop. You might as well tell me that plowing, harrowing, manuring and planting are so many rotations, as that the preparatory measures adopted by nature, with reference to her crop, are so many rotations. Nature, it is true, has no stable nor farm-pen to furnish manure. Nor has she a plow, or hoe, or spade, with which to prepare her lands. But till she has her own resources, decaying vegetation, and the frosts of winter, and these she employs in the untiring manner, until she brings her lands into the proper state to receive her crop, and then she plants it. All the gradations, however, from one material to another, in the mean time, are not to be regarded as so many rotations, but simply as so many links in the great chain of preparation.

We will now suppose that the great business of preparation is at last completed, and that nature's grand crop, the crop in which she seems to take special delight, the forest tree, is actually planted. The question is, does she ever change it? The editor affirms, but I deny; and thus we are directly at issue. But the editor demands—when the forest of oak has been removed, and another forest grows up, is not the latter different from the former? True! but whose work is this? Is it nature's? Did nature destroy her own forest of oak? Or rather, did not man destroy it? Here man came in, and interfered with nature in her steady operations. He violently took away the crop in which nature glories, and he substituted his own artificial crop, a crop that nature abominates in the place of it. This crop he constantly appropriated, year after year, to his own use, returning nothing to the land which produced it, until fertility is destroyed and positive impoverishment has been fixed upon it. In this state, he gives the land back again to nature. And how does nature manage it now? Does she put the same crop on it as before? By no means. She has too much skill for this: but finding the land in a very different situation, she varies the crop according to the different circumstances in which she finds it, wisely adapting her crop to the present impoverished situation of the land. The change, therefore, from the hard wood to the soft, is not properly an *alternation*—it is merely a change brought about by the peculiarity of the case. If I have a piece of land so poor that it will not produce turnips, and I plant peas there, is this an alternation? No one will pretend that it is. No more can *that* be regarded as an alternation, when nature, finding that her land will not produce the former crop, plants a different one on it.

Having now disposed of the case on which the editor seems to rely with so much confidence, I go a step further and say, that nature *unviolated*, but let alone in her own free course, *never alternates her crops*. Go to some sequestered spot where man has never been, if such a spot can be found, and where violence of no other kind, by tempest, by flood, nor by fire, has ever been inflicted, and the forest which was of oak a thousand years ago, is a forest of oak still. I insist upon it, that no instance can be adduced, in which nature, left to her own free course, has been known to alternate an oak for a pine, or a pine for an oak. Such changes do constantly occur where *man* has been at work, but then the handy work of man has been the cause of it.

Furthermore, if the editor will favor me with a visit, (I am too busy at this time to visit him,) I will show him, what it seems is a strange sight in his section of country, and that is not *one* young oak, but *great multitudes* of them, growing from the decaying stumps of the parent tree, and nourished by what I call the *humus* of the same. It seems that no such thing ever occurs in the editor's country; but there, when a tree dies in the natural way, or is uprooted by the storm, or destroyed by fire or inundation, it is succeeded by a tree of different order. Even the long-leafed pine, or the short-leafed pine is succeeded by the old-field pine—a tree of different order. Now *here*, I assure the editor that I witness the *fact* as stated above, and I venture to assert that it will be found to exist in a great many other places. Changes of this character, I admit, do often take place, but rarely, if ever, except where a change has been effected in the condition of the land. Let the land remain the same, and leave nature to work in her own way, and the forest, which is her main and final crop, will remain the same. If under these circumstances the oak dies, another oak will spring up from the stump to supply its place.

* * It is notorious that the aspen is remarkable for covering the whole space occupied by its roots with a multitude of *young* aspens. But I shall be told, these all proceed from the *roots*. I know it; but I ask, in my turn—why do not these roots so exhaust the peculiar ingredients fitted for the tree, as to render the land incapable of rearing the same? If in case the aspen were removed, would a pine make its appearance?

But *I* am exhausted, though my *subject* is not. I must, however, say something about the admirable economy of nature in compassing her main object. I have elsewhere stated that nature has but one want, and that is *rich lands*. All her efforts seem to tend to this one point. She abhors the idea that there should be a barren or unproductive spot in any part of her vast farm. We have seen that she will even take the naked rock, and first clothe it with verdure, and then plant the grand forest tree there. And how does she effect this? It is simply by husbanding all her resources, and then, with an admirable skill, turning them to the best account. Nature never wastes any thing. Not a weed, not a leaf, nor even a bit of moss is thrown away by her. In her *productions*, also, we see this wonderful skill displayed. She produces but little *fruit*, for she has no use for it. Whilst this is the case, it is wonderful what a multitude of *berries* ornament the plants, the shrubs and the small trees of nature. For these she has a use, and that is to feed the immense number of her beautiful birds. But man can gather ten times as much fruit from one of his small trees, as can be gathered from one of nature's huge oaks. But if nature be deficient in the production of fruit, she is by no means deficient in providing the means by which she may enrich her lands. If, therefore, the oak produce but few acorns, it produces a large crop of leaves: acorns also often fail, but leaves never.

The above may perhaps be regarded as mere fancy. Not so. I have a distinct object in stating it, and that is to illustrate further what I have said about that deadly warfare which nature is carrying on upon the cultivation of man. She regards the whole world as her property. She claims every acre, every inch of the land as her own. Her main, her constant object—an object which she has pursued for thousands of years with the most untiring perseverance, is to make every foot of the land *rich*. This she does by taking off nothing, but restoring the whole product, weeds, grass, leaves, to the land. Now the very tendency and policy of cultivation is to defeat nature in this her favorite object, and this, in my opinion, is the cause of that *deadly* grudge which she owes to man."

Wheat was selling at Rochester recently at 88 cents per bushel.

From the Albany Cultivator.

SILL CULTURE—REELS, REELING, &c.

The most difficult part of the whole business of silk making, is that of reeling the cocoons; without which, all the previous operations will have been fruitless. It is at this point, that thousands of persons who have began the culture of silk, under high hopes and expectations, have been arrested in their progress by what they call insurmountable difficulties, and abandoned the whole business in despair; there being no market accessible to them for the sale of the cocoons. In vain have they been exhorted to persevere in the trial with patience and industry for a few days—in vain have they been told, that the devotion of one week's time, and half a dozen pounds of cocoons, would be sufficient to teach them the art. The process seems so tedious, the result so trifling, that, after a few hours trial, they give it up, and thus ends their career in the silk culture. Thousands of instances of this character have occurred; not more than one person out of every hundred that have made the trial, has persevered to the end, and really learned to reel silk. It is to this cause that a large portion of the obstruction to the progress of the silk culture is to be attributed. Thousands of bushels of cocoons are stowed away in garrets and out-houses, and eaten by roaches and mice, in the United States, because the producers had not perseverance enough to learn to reel. Had each producer of cocoons learned to reel, and reeled the cocoons he produced, he would not have abandoned the business, but would the next season have commenced on a larger scale, and with greatly increased prospects. For the encouragement of those who wish to learn to reel, I can and do assure them, that, when any intelligent person has persevered for one week, he has invariably become an expert reeler in that time. Many have become so in less. Any person, therefore, that will devote one week and five or six pounds of cocoons, steadily and perseveringly to the object, will be certain of accomplishing it. It requires almost Job-like patience, but patience has never been better paid. Let this be an invariable rule with all who would learn to reel: Take 5 or 6 pounds of cocoons, set apart one week of time, with a determination to *waste* all the cocoons, if necessary, and to allow of no interruption, during the time, and then go ahead. If, in two or three hours your find yourself making a good thread, all the better; but don't be discouraged if you presently find that thread becoming worthless from some cause or other, but take it off the reel and begin anew. Who ever heard of a young woman learning to spin cotton, wool or flax, even in one week's trial, or in a month's? Why, then expect to perform a much nicer operation *by intuition?* Persevere, then, and you will learn. Let me, for further encouragement, inform young beginners, that I have taught many persons to reel by writing one letter to them, describing the process, which forms the basis of the following instructions:

The Silk Reel.—The substance of the following remarks have been published by me in various forms, at least twenty times, in the course of the sixteen years I have devoted to the business, and I have as yet seen no cause to change a syllable of them. Indeed, my opinion has been sustained by the experience of every successive year, and by every observation. The Reel most proper for the purpose, is the one established by the Piedmontese government, and now well known here by the name of the "Piedmontese Reel." Reasons *are* as "thick as black-berries" for this opinion. Its construction is peculiar, by which it secures several important points in raw silk. By means of its vibrating bar, it lays the threads obliquely across in such manner as to prevent adhesion by means of the still wet gum. It draws two threads at a time, and they are wound around each other, between the plate and the guide wires, on passing up to the bars of the reel, in such a manner as to compress the otherwise loose fibres of each other into a solid cylindrical thread, without twisting, which is important, as the raw-silk can then be used as floss, or twisted more or less to suit the various purposes for which it may be wanted.* Our countrymen seem, however, disposed to reject them; or rather think that a compound machine, that will reel and double and twist at the same time, is better, and hence there are various contrivances for this purpose. But I feel it incumbent upon me to urge again upon silk culturists the reasons that have actuated me in rejecting everything of the kind. There is no principle better established than that of the economy of the division of labor. So well do manufacturers understand this, that they will not allow one machine to spin a perfect thread—they first pass it through one machine that forms it into a sort of loose rope, and then through another to spin it into the thread. As to reeling silk, the object is to produce raw silk in the simplest possible form—that any sort of goods may be made out of it afterwards. But even supposing that simple sewing silk is ultimately intended to be made, it is more economical then, to reel it first, and double and twist with other machinery afterwards. For mere family purposes, the reeling and twisting machines may do very well; but for commercial purposes, the silk must be reeled in a manner similar to that produced by the Piedmontese reel, and that, or some reel producing the same results, must ultimately be adopted by us if we ever become a silk growing people. All staple articles of commerce must have some fixed and uniform character as a standard, all deviations from which, deteriorate its quality. Why does the raw silk of China sell for a less price than that of Piedmont? Simply, because it is not reeled like the latter. Its *fibre* is every way equal to that of Piedmont; but its reeling is so slovenly, that much of it is wasted in working it up.

[The pamphlet from which Mr S. wishes us here to make an extract, has not come to hand.]

Waste Silk and Perforated Cocoons, may be worked up as follows. Put the cocoons into a bag, put it into a boiler, with rain or river water sufficient to cover the bag, put one quart of good soft soap to every four pounds of cocoons; boil from one to four hours, depending on the age of the cocoons. If they are fresh, one hour's boiling will be enough—if a year old, four a five hours will be required. Rinse them in clear water, hang them up to drain. When well drained, they may be spun like flax on the flax wheel, by holding the cocoon in the hand, and spinning from the perforated end. The silk comes entirely off, leaving the shell of the crysalis bare, and makes a most beautiful article for stockings, mits, &c.

This concludes what I have to say on the subject, unless information be required on some particular point on which I have not been sufficiently explicit, in which case I shall, with much pleasure answer any interrogatories that may be directed to me either privately or publicly.

GIDEON B. SMITH.

Baltimore, July, 1842.

* Has our correspondent ever used Jones' Silk Reel? It appears to us to possess all the advantages here attributed to the Piedmontese Reel.—Eds.

TRANSPLANTING, CULTIVATION AND PRUNING OF FRUIT TREES.

David Thomas, Esq., in the Transactions of the N. Y. Agricultural Society, says:—

"Stunted trees always produce smaller fruit than when the same kind grows on vigorous branches; but the fruit suffers in *flavor* as well as *size*. The trees therefore should be planted in deep beds of fertile soil. In dry seasons more especially, this provision is of great importance; and young trees treated in this manner are not only more likely to live, but grow much faster, bear sooner, and bear much better fruit than on sterile land. All our observations go to justify these remarks.

"When young trees are taken from the nursery, inquiry is often made how soon will they come into bearing? It is a very proper question, and it would be a proper answer to say: Very much according to the treatment they shall get. When they are set in holes cut out of a sod, just large enough to receive the roots with some crowding, and are then left to take care of themselves, we have no right to expect them to come soon into bearing, nor to bear much when they do. Neither half starved cows, nor half starved trees will be found profitable. In the latter case especially, the interest on the purchase money is generally lost some years, and not unfrequently the purchase too; but we hardly ever lose a tree in good condition, set in mellow ground which is kept mellow.

"The holes for trees should be not less than four feet diameter and fifteen inches deep, but a greater breadth and depth is desirable. Place the soil round the brink of the hole, ready for filling in again; but scatter the harder subsoil back out of the way. The hole should then be filled with the best earth, and rise a few inches above the general surface on account of its settling, first mixing three or four shovelfuls of chip-dirt with the part that is to come in immediate contact with the roots. It helps to keep the ground loose and moist, besides yielding much nutriment to the trees.

"The roots of the trees when taken from the nursery should be carefully guarded against *drying* or *freezing*. If such care, however, has not been taken, bury the *frozen* roots in the *ground* before they can thaw, and plunge the dried roots with several feet of the main stem in *water*, to soak there from 12 to 24 hours, till the moisture is sufficiently restored.

"In planting, spread out the roots carefully, and let the best point against the strongest winds. Fine or mellow earth should fill up all the spaces between the roots, so that every fibre shall come in contact with it on every side; and in order to accomplish this intention more perfectly, throw in a pailful of water when the roots are covered, to wash the earth down, and to fill up every interstice.*

* An experienced horticulturist says, "Nine-tenths of the deaths from transplanting, arise from the hollows left among the roots of trees by a careless and rapid mode of shovelling the earth in about the roots."

"Newly planted trees being acted on as levers by the wind, often press the earth round their stems aside, and make an opening down to their roots, which in consequence suffer from both drought and disturbance. To prevent this disaster, it is therefore important that stakes should be provided to support and stiffen them. If driven before the trees are planted, they may be erect; if driven afterwards, they may be slanting; and in both cases, straw bands should be first wrapped once round to prevent the trees from chafing.

"When trees are set in clay which holds water like a tub, they *soak* and often perish; especially if transplanted in autumn. This evil may be readily prevented, however, when the plow can be introduced, by drawing several very deep furrows where the trees are to stand, cleaning out the loose earth with the shovel, and then employing chips, brush, potatoe tops, straw, cornstalks, or old rails, in constructing an underdrain. Even if made with these materials, it would last for an age, for when mouldered into earth, the water would soak away along the seam.

"Early in summer, after the trees are planted, let the ground be well dug round with the spade, commencing shallow near the trees, but deepening as soon as there is no danger of disturbing the roots. One spading is worth several hoeings, though the broad hoe may be profitably employed once a month after the spade has thoroughly loosened the soil. Trees managed in this way, will grow much faster than if the ground were just scratched over to the depth of an inch or so; and many of ours have grown as luxuriantly through the late excessive drought, as if they were in want of nothing.

"The pruning of young trees to prevent their *splitting down*, is a very important operation. Many are greatly injured, and sometimes ruined, for want of this precaution. Where the limbs diverge considerably, nature has provided a kind of net-work of the firmest wood to connect them together; but where two leading branches take nearly the same direction, they soon begin to press against each other; and the bark interposing, the wood is prevented from uniting, The consequence generally is, that when loaded with fruit, they are broken down by the wind. Now it is far better to cut off the limb in time. No material loss is sustained, as all the nutriment flows into the other branches, and increases their vigor.

"The advantage of pruning apple trees, is gengerally known; and unless many of the limbs are cut out, some of the finest varieties become comparatively diminutive and insipid. The same care however, is rarely extended to other fruit trees. When the twigs become stunted and mossy, sometimes they are trimmed by the tempest, or broken down by an untimely fall of snow; and then the benefits of pruning are manifest, even when done in that rough style. It is better, however, to depend on art than accident. As a general rule, the best flavored fruit of the kind grows on the most vigorous branches well exposed to the sun and air; and with this idea constantly before us, we shall hardly do amiss when we apply the axe, the saw, or the chisel; though we may specify that cross branches should be lopped, and thrifty shoots that have room to spread, should be saved.

"The tree mosses are parasitic plants, and should be expelled from the Fruit Garden. Lye is often used for this purpose on the apple tree; but we think it is no better than lime whitewash, which purifies the bark, and leaves it in a fine healthy condition. Once a year is quite sufficient.

From the Albany Cultivator.

USE OF MUCK.

Editors of the Cultivator.—As I promised a short time since, to give you some account of my experience in muck, I now proceed to state that in the winter of '39–'40, I drew from a large mill pond on the Kayadarosseras, 1000 loads, and put it on a poor worn out field of 17 acres; soil, sand and gravelly loam; planted to corn the following spring; product 50 bushels to the acre. This field had gone through the genuine *skinning* process previous to coming into my hands, and grew nothing but sorrel and mullein. The extra product I counted at over 20 bushels per acre.

In the fall of '40, I drew from what had been a black ash swail or narrow strip of swamp, 300 loads, and put on 4 acres of almost barren sand; planted to corn in '41, and though the drought was severe, yet the produce was at least 50 bushels per acre.

In the winter of '40–'41, I drew from the pond aforesaid, about 700 loads, and applied it to two other fields; planted to corn the following spring; produce equal to any thing in the neighborhood.

I drew last fall and winter, from the ash swail, about 500 loads, and put it on 8 acres; now planted with corn, and looks first rate. After corn, I have sown oats and seeded down: the seed which before was invariably lost for want of nourishment, has, since the muck application, taken in the most perfect manner. The fields are all renovated, and I consider the experiment a complete triumph, to the great discomfiture of certain wiseacres, who prophesied, on my commencement, a failure. I have the happiness to state that several of my neighbors, who "seeing, believed," have adopted the practice, are as uniformly successful, when applied to light, worn out soils, for which it is, in my estimation, pre-eminent. For heavy loams, or clay, an admixture of lime or yard manure, would be indispensable.

The muck of my mill pond is making new accessions at each freshet, and where I first began removing it there has nearly as much more accumulated. I intend making large and continued drafts on these "banks of deposite," finding thus far, the dividends fat, and "repudiation" and "protest" unknown in the matter.

Respectfully, yours,

SETH WHALEN.

Saratoga co., N. Y.

From the Maine Farmer.

WHO OWNS THE SOIL OF THE ROAD?

Mr Editor—We wish to learn through the medium of your paper, whether we have a legal right to remove the soil or any thing else that pertains to the highways, opposite and contiguous to our neighbor's land, and convert the same to our own private use, when the public convenience does not require such removal. Suppose we are, or are not vested with the authority of a highway Surveyor, and has my neighbor above referred to, a right to prosecute for damages? Inquirer.

Note.—A man relinquishes to the public, (when a road is located on his land,) only the right of way, and what pertains to it that will be necessary for the road and repairs. Of course, if any one has a right to remove the soil, it is the man who owns the land from which the road was set off, and he alone. Even he has no right to remove any thing by which he will prevent the safe passing on a road or highway.—Ed. Me. Far.

THE NEW CORN LAW SYSTEM

Appears to meet with little favor from the agricultural interest in Great Britain. The following extract from the London Farmer's Magazine, will show the bitter nature of the feelings with which it is regarded:

"We cannot give employment at the same time to foreign and to home agriculture. It seems to be the determination of the British legislature, however, to give the preference in this respect to foreign serfs, boors, and American field laborers. * * Although the Americans were not entirely satisfied with our amended corn law, still they promised themselves a favorable market thereafter, for the surplus of their wheat crops; and they also calculated on the speedy establishment of a new description of commerce, as likely to arise out of our new tariff of duties, from the shipment of cured provisions for the consumption of the inhabitants of the United Kingdom. In New York, and indeed in all the large cities and towns in the American Union, beef was plenty at 3d. per pound for the best quality. The means for increasing the growth of cattle in the United States, are absolutely boundless, and in a few years it may possibly not be necessary for our farmers to pay rent for marshes, or to grow winter food for cattle, for preserving meat in a sound state, is an easy and cheap operation; and no doubt it will be attended to and acted on, in due time, by our transatlantic brethren."

RECIPES.

Washington Cake.—This cake derives its name from the fact that it was a great favorite at the table of General Washington: the last two years of his life it always formed one of the delicacies of his breakfast table, and is considered one of the standing dishes of a Virginia *dejeune*.

Recipe for Making.—Take two lbs. of flour, one quart of milk, with an ounce of butter heated together, put the milk and butter into the flour when it is about lukewarm, add a penny's worth of yeast, 3 eggs and a tea spoonful of salt, place it in pans over night, and bake it in the morning, in a quick oven for three quarters of an hour. S.

Recipe for American Plum Pudding.—Take one quart and a pint of whortleberries, wash them and let them drain through a sieve; to this put a pint and a half of molasses, dissolve a tea spoonful of pearl ash in warm water and stir it in the molasses until it foams, then stir in flour enough till it becomes the consistence of pound cake before it is baked, add spice to your taste. Tie the batter in a bag, and let it boil 3 hours—serve it up with sauce to your liking. S.

To Restore Rancid Butter to its original Sweetness.—Churn the butter with fresh sweet milk, in the proportion of 3 lbs. butter to half a gallon milk; it is said that this simple process will restore rancid butter to nearly its former sweetness.—*Albany Cult.*

Gen. Van Rensselaer, of Albany, has a Century plant now in flower. The flower-stalk is 17 feet high. It has been in the family half a century.

NEW ENGLAND FARMER,

AND HORTICULTURAL REGISTER.

Boston, Wednesday, August 17, 1842.

SILK AND SUGAR.

We stated last week that there are farmers enough in this country, unless we can find some new articles for extensive cultivation, or better markets than can now be had.

These positions scarcely need a word of illustration. For even before the plentiful harvest of the present year began to come in, the country was well supplied with all the articles of subsistence which we are accustomed to grow. The prices of beef, pork, meat of all kinds—also of every thing that is worked into the form of bread, are as low as the farmer can possibly live by. The supply is ample for the wants of the country, and for all markets that are accessible. An increase would be no public benefit.

The withdrawal of men from the work-shop, the factory or counting room, into the fields, would enlarge the production, increase the number of sellers, diminish the buyers of agricultural productions, and thus not only lessen prices, to the injury of those now engaged in farming, but cause also the accumulation of grains and meats, beyond what are needful to the subsistence and prosperity of the country.

What we need now is a good market. This we can hardly expect abroad. The increase of manufacturing business, in its innumerable branches, and the trade consequent upon that, would do much to keep the number of producers from the soil down where it now is, while it swelled the ranks of those who must purchase what the land yields. This would help the farmers. But the government gives us little ground for expecting that the days of brisk business are near;—and even should business revive, it would be well for the nation to produce from our own soil as many of the articles which our people consume as the climate allows.

Sugar from the corn stalk, it is maintained, and we think correctly, can be easily obtained in large quantity. To this article the attention of the Western farmers, by whom the corn-stalks can be easily raised, should be directed. Could the nation make its own sugars, our people would find, in the increased labor furnished for them, and in the saving of millions upon millions at home, which now annually go abroad,—in these they would find a vast addition to national wealth and prosperity. But this is a matter for the West.

What can we turn our attention to in New England?

SILK—SILK.

Start not, reader—the Multicaulis fever has entirely subsided:—there is no danger of your taking it.

Something like 30 millions of dollars are annually sent out of the country for the purchase of silks, and this too, while we have in New England both soil and climate suited to the tree and the worm; and while we have also mechanical skill to aid us in the manufacture, greater than exists in any one of the silk growing countries.—*Could there be created a fair market for cocoons, hundreds and thousands of Yankee farmers might forthwith produce cocoons in very considerable quantities.* What we now need, is an establishment—a factory—for the working up of the cocoons after they are produced. We know of no other way in which the rich men, who desire to promote the interests of agriculture, could do it more effectually than by creating a demand for cocoons. Give us reason to trust that in two or three years time such a demand will exist, and we are ready to appropriate a considerable portion of our own small farm to the mulberry.

These brief statements are the results of much reflection. We have for years believed that the silk business might gain a foothold and flourish on our New England soil. We see no reason to abandon the belief, but hold it more strongly than ever. And now while the business of the country is languishing and while the ordinary crops of the farm bring but little profit, the time is favorable for looking deliberately at this subject, and for making efforts to see whether it cannot be made a means of national prosperity.

Our columns for a year and an half have contained but little relating to silk. The omission has been less because we doubted whether the subject was important to agriculturists, than because we found the paper so much given up to articles upon silk, when we took charge of it, that we should soon find it changed from a farming paper to a Silk register, if we did not firmly take a stand, and exclude much of the matter that was furnished us by silk-growers or their friends.

We now have accomplished the object designed, when we displeased subscribers by refusing to publish more upon their favorite topic—*Silk.*

At present we would welcome any calm and sensible article upon the subject, and we are very ready to give such statistics as will exhibit the importance of this business as a source of national industry and economy.

INJUSTICE.

The editor of the *Boston Cultivator,* in his last paper says:

"☞The Editor of the New England Farmer copies our article, 'Cattle Shows,' and credits it to the Boston Times. We always knew that both he and his readers wanted some of the precious morsels of the Boston Cultivator, but we never dreamed of this way of doing it. Now we like the Editor's articles very well on practical farming, and one or two of his late ones particularly. And we pledge ourselves never to give this flourishing establishment, the Boston Times, the credit of them. But when the Editor talks about the rights of Farmers, the bearing of our laws and institutions upon the profession, Oh! bah! we cannot frankly and honestly, believe a word of it."

The editor of the Boston Cultivator *ought* to know, and all who are acquainted with us *do* know, that we are above—far above—the meanness here charged upon us. We found the article above referred to, in the *Maine Cultivator* of July 30, credited to the Boston Times, in which paper we supposed it originally appeared. Our direction in the printing office is, that every thing not our own, shall be credited to its proper source. We had not the slightest suspicion that the article had ever appeared in the Boston Cultivator, either as original or copied, until we saw the paragraph above quoted. We say further, that *whenever we shall* find any thing in that paper which we judge would be useful to our readers, we will take it openly and honorably, and give due credit for it. Further—"Oh! bah!" are not arguments that tell as much against the good sense and discretion of him at whom they are hurled, as they do in evidence of the frothiness or emptiness of the brain that pours them forth. They do indicate something of the character of him from whom they come.

We have had repeated injustice at the hands of the editor of the Cultivator; and he can see one instance of it if he will only read *the whole* of the report upon Plows tried at Worcester, and learn what opinion we then held of Howard's Plow—and that was months before we had any connection with the New England Farmer. We tell him, distinctly, and if he wants witness of it, we refer him to Hon. Wm. Clark, Jr., of Northampton, that we then may have given, as we did, the preference to Howard's Plow for general use on common farms. We have let his *seeming* proof of our being swayed unduly by interest, and some other matters also pass unanswered, which might easily be shown to be the offspring of his ignorance. We have let his baneful and unsound articles upon grave political questions pass unnoticed. And *why?* It is not because we fear the strength of his proofs or of his argument—but it is because our opinion of *the man,* will not let us have our name and character go out before the public in familiar association with his. Never, until his deportment shall do away the impressions that twelve or fifteen years' knowledge of him have made upon our mind—never until then can we consent to enter into protracted discussion with *him.*

With a deep sense of our responsibility to the God of Truth, we say that it is in sorrow that we make the above statement of our reasons. We have borne unjust charges in silence, hoping by forbearance to be spared the necessity of disclosing our want of confidence in our neighbor. But the wrong which our own character suffers, calls upon us to speak distinctly. We do it in sorrow, not in anger—and forgiving the injustice, we express a hope that we shall be spared the necessity of reading or noticing any thing of the kind in future.

THE BORROWED COAT.

Our friend of the Massachusetts Plowman, seems to have applied our statement of the fact that we do not go round soliciting subscriptions to our paper, as a hit at *his* doings. Now, with and about brother Buckminster, we can talk in a playful manner—for we think and speak well of him as an editor and as a man. And we say to him, that we simply meant to signify that we have had the same delicacy about asking a man to pay for what *we write,* that we should have in asking a parish to take us and pay us as their minister, or in asking a town to send us as their representative to the General Court. We were thinking only of our own unprofitable feelings, that have stood in the way of pushing our fortune by the augmentation of the subscription list. Therefore we lay you, good sir, under no injunctions to keep the coat on—we made it for our own back—we never meant it for yours. Nor do we blame or censure your course;—we are as ready as any one else to say that every man who pays for your paper, gets his money's worth, and more.

Were we disposed to retort, it were very easy to say that we do not estimate the worth of our intellectual productions by the number of square inches over which they can be stretched—that we would not purchase a library *by the cord,* &c. &c. But as we take very good naturedly the *borrowing* of our coat by Br Buckminster, and his hit at the small compass into which we can compress much matter, we will say no such things.

MEDITERRANEAN WHEAT.

Hon. H. L. Ellsworth, Commissioner of Patents, has favored us with a small parcel of Mediterranean wheat, for which we sincerely thank him. We hope to give it a fair trial here, near the Bay, where wheat of every kind has been exceedingly subject to rust. Next week we will give the circular which accompanied the present.

MASS. HORTICULTURAL SOCIETY.

EXHIBITION OF FRUITS.

Saturday, Aug. 13, 1842.

From J. F. Allen, Salem—Black Figs; the finest fruit of the kind we have ever seen. Early Royal George and Gross Mignonne Peaches—beautiful specimens—but the finest one bore the marks of a large thumb upon its fair surface. Will not the visitors remember to keep their hands off? Mr Allen exhibited fine Grapes and Peaches a fortnight since, which were omitted by the reporter.

From Wm. Thomas, Boston—Plums: Italian Damask and Bolmer's Washington.

From Robert Manning, Salem—Plums: Early Orleans and Morocco. Pears: Muscat Robert, Early Rousselette, Green Sugar, and Bloodgood; Red Astrachan Apples.

From Dr. J. C. Howard, Brookline—Pears: Jargonell, Summer Burgamotte, and French Pear, name unknown. Summer Pearmain Apple.

From B. V. French—Apples: Sopsavine and River. Pears: English Catherine, Sugar-top, English Juneating Jargonelle, and three varieties without names.

From Otis Johnson, Lynn—Apples: Early Bough and Red Astrachan; the last named variety were very beautiful and decidedly the finest that have been exhibited at the rooms. Also a dish of the President Peach, extra fine. Mr Johnson has repeatedly exhibited very superior specimens of grapes, peaches, and other fruits.

From Samuel Pond, of Cambridgeport—25 boxes of Plums of five different sorts, viz: Apricot, Italian Dam-

ask, Pond's Seedling, Royal de Tours and Prince's Imperial Gage.

From A. D. Williams, Roxbury—fine specimens of Williams' Early Apple—(very beautiful.)

For the Committee,

JOSEPH BRECK.

EXHIBITION OF FLOWERS.

Mr Warren—fine Bouquets, and several good Dahlias, viz: Procurator, Canute, Famosa, (new German var. tip d;) Lord Liverpool, &c.

Wm. Meller—pretty Bouquets, and Dahlias.

Miss Sumner—Bouquets.

Dr. Howard—12 showy Bouquets, and good Dahlias; among them, Lady Fordwick, Mrs. Rushton, Essex Rival, &c.

D. L. Gibbens & Son—a fine plant of the Pancretian, in bloom—very pretty.

O. Johnson—a branch of the Erythrina christi-galli, in flower—most beautiful.

Messrs. Breck & Co.—A large and fine display of Double German Asters, from seed imported from England. They were in great variety of tints and colors, large, beautifully quilled, and what is desirable, very early varieties.

H. W. Dutton—Dahlias, viz: Painted Lady, (new, white with blood-red stripe,) Haidee, Charles XII., Mrs. Rushton, Primrose, &c.

Mr Willet—Cactus grandiflora, or Night Blooming Cereus, in flower, pot plant.

Mr McLennan, gardener to Mr Pratt—Bouquets and Dahlias.

☞The Chairman of the Committee not furnishing us with the report, we take the above from the Transcript. We would remark that the variety of Dahlia "Painted Lady," exhibited by Mr Dutton, was very much admired for its singular beauty, although not a perfect shaped flower.

For the Committee, JOS. BRECK.

THIRD GRAND DAHLIA SHOW

Of the Massachusetts Horticultural Society.

The third Annual Dahlia Show of the Massachusetts Horticultural Society, will be held at the Societys' room, No. 23 Tremont Row, on Thursday and Friday the 22d and 23d of September next, when premiums to the amount of upwards of $200 will be awarded for the best specimens.

A circular, containing a schedule of the prizes, and the rules and regulations which will be observed in the exhibition of flowers, will be ready for distribution, and may be had on application, at the Societys' room, on the last Saturday in August.

All cultivators who intend to exhibit, must signify their intention to do so, and in what class or classes, *on, or before Saturday*, the 17th of September, at which time the Flower Committee, will meet at the Societys' room at 10 1-2 o'clock in the morning to appoint judges to decide upon the respective merits of the flowers, and award the prizes. All cultivators who do not signify their intention to exhibit on or before the above day, will be excluded from premiums.

All flowers must be arranged in the stands by 10 o'clock in the morning, in order to allow sufficient time for the judges to examine the flowers. The exhibition will be open to the public at 1 o'clock, P. M.

Per order of the Committee. C. M. HOVEY, *Chairman.*

THERMOMETRICAL

Reported for the New England Farmer.

Range of the Thermometer at the Gardenof the proprietors of the New England Farmer, Brighton, Mass. in a shaded Northerly exposure, for the week ending August 14.

August, 1842.		5,A.M.	12, M.	7,P.M.	Wind.
Monday,	8	66	77	67	S. E.
Tuesday,	9	66	81	72	S. E.
Wednesday,	10	68	81	67	S. E.
Thursday,	11	65	76	70	S. E.
Friday,	12	63	75	67	S. E.
Saturday,	13	62	64	62	E.
Sunday,	14	61	73	64	E.

It has rained (more or less) every day but one for the last ten days.

SOUTHDOWN STOCK.

For sale by the subscriber at the foot of Atwell's Avenue in the city of Providence, one imported Southdown Buck, Six Ewes and four Lambs. The above are of the purest blood, and second to none in the country.

June 8. 8w JOHN GILES.

BRIGHTON MARKET.—Monday, August 15, 1842.

Reported for the New England Farmer.

At Market 550 Beef Cattle, 2700 Sheep and 725 Swine.

Prices.—*Beef Cattle.* A large proportion of the cattle at Market were small and thin, some of which were sold at reduced prices. We reduce our quotations, viz: a few extra $5 25. First quality, $4 75 a 5 00. Second quality, $4 25 a 4 50. Third quality $3 00 a 4 00.

Sheep.—We quote lots from 1 25, to $2 00. Wethers, from 1 75, $2 25.

Swine.—Prices have further declined. Lots to peddle, 2 7-8 a 3 for sows and 3 7-8 a 4 for Barrows. Selected Barrows, old hogs 3 1-4. At retail from 3 1-2 to 5.

WHOLESALE PRICES CURRENT.

Corrected with great care, weekly.

SEEDS. Herds Grass, $2 50 to 3 00 per bushel. Red Top, 40 to 50 cents. Clover—Northern, 10 to 12c.—Southern, 8 a 10 c. Flax Seed, $1 50 per bushel. Lucerne, 30 c. per lb. Canary Seed, $5 00 per bushel.

GRAIN. There has been no material change in prices during the past week: good mealing corn is in fair demand.

Corn—Northern, old, bushel 61 to 62—Southern, round yellow, old, 60 a 61—Southern flat yellow, new, 57 a 58—do. do. white do. 52 a 53—Barley — a — —Rye, Northern, 65 a 67 —do. Southern, 60 a 62 —Oats, Southern, 23 a 25—Northern do. 28 to 30—Beans, per bushel 75 a 1 25.—Shorts, per double bush. 22 a 25—Bran, 20 a 21.

FLOUR. The market has been gradually declining throughout the week, with a limited demand for all descriptions.

Baltimore, Howard Street, 4 mos. cr. $5 75 a 0 00 —do. wharf, $5 62 a 0 00 do. free of garlic, $5 75 a — —Philadelphia do. 4 mos. $5 62 a 0 00 —Fredericksburg, lowl'd 4 mos. $5 62 a 0 00 —Alexandria, wharf mountain, —5 62 a — —Georgetown, $5 75 a 6 37—Richmond Canal, $0 00 a 0 00 —do. City, $0 00 a 0 00—Petersburgh, South side $0 00 a 0 00 —do. Country $0 00 a 0 00—Genesee, common, cash, $5 50 a 5 62— do fancy brands $5 68 a 5 75 — Ohio, via Canal, $5 50 a 0 00—do do New Orleans, cash $5 37 a 0 00. Rye, $4 00 a 4 25—Indian Meal in bbls. $2 75 a 3 12.

PROVISIONS. The sales of Beef have been about 10 a 1200 bbls Mess No. 1 and Prime at quoted rates. Sales of Pork light, and prices remain about the same as previously reported.

Beef—Mess 4 mo. new bbl. $9 00 a 9 25—Navy—$7 00 a 7 50.—No. 1, 6 25 a 6 50—do Prime $4 00 a 5 50—Pork—Extra clear 4 mo. bbl. $11 0 a 11 50—do Clear $10 00 a 10 50 do. Mess, 7 50 a 8 00—do Prime $5 00 a 6 00—do Mess from other States,— a — —do Prime do do $5 00 a 5 50 do. Cargo do. 0 a 0 00— —Clear do do $10 00 a 10 50—Butter, shipping, 6 a 10—do store, uninspected, 10 a 12—do dairy, 17 a 20,—Lard, No. 1, Boston ins. 0 a 7 — do South and Western, 6 1-2 a 7 Hams, Boston, 6 a 7—do Southern and Western, 4 a 6—Cheese, Ship'g and 4 meal, 5 a 6—do new milk, 6 a 7.

WOOL. Duty. The value whereof at the place of exportation shall not exceed 8 cts. per pound, free. All whereof the value exceeds 8 cts. per pound, 32 per ct. ad. val. and 4 cts per pound.

But few operations have been made in domestic wool during the week; prices are unsettled and our quotations should be considered as nominal.

Prime or Saxony Fleeces, washed, lb. 37 a 40 c.—American full blood, do 35 a 37—Do. 3-4 do 32 a 35—Do. 1-2 do 30 a 32—1-4 and common do 25 a 28 — Smyrna Sheep, washed, 20 a 25— Do. unwashed, 10 a 13—Bengasi do 8 a 10—Saxony, clean,—Buenos Ayres unpicked, 7 a 10—do. do. picked, 12 a 16—Superfine Northern pulled lamb 33 a 35—No. 1 do. do. do. 28 a 30—No. 2 do do do 20 a 22—No. 3 do do do 12 a 15.

HOPS. Duty 20 per cent.

The prospect continues favorable for a much larger yield from the coming crop than has been experienced for many years.

1st sort, Mass. 1841 per lb 10 a 11.—2d do do do 8 a 9.

HAY, per ton, $16 to 18—Eastern Screwed $14 to 16

CHEESE—Shipping and 4 meal, 6 to 8c.—New 9 to 11.

EGGS, 12 a 16.

TYE UP CHAINS.

Just received by 500 Chains for tyeing up Cattle.

These chains, introduced by E. H. Derby, Esq. of Salem, and Col. Jacques, for the purpose of securing cattle to the stall, are found to be the safest and most convenient mode of fastening cows and oxen to the stanchion.

For sale by JOSEPH BRECK & CO., No. 52 North Market st.

STRAWBERRY PLANTS.

Those who intend to form plantations of the Strawberry are informed that the month of August is the most suitable time. By planting out the sets, early fruit may be obtained the next season.

The subscribers offer the following fine varieties for sale at reduced prices, viz:—

Early Virginia. Very early and prolific, a well known and highly esteemed variety, and decidedly the most profitable variety in cultivation. Price $1 per hundred.

Keen's Seedling. One of the largest and highest flavored varieties known. Price $2 per hundred.

Methven Castle. A late hardy variety, good bearer; fruit of the largest size. Price $2 per hundred.

English Wood. Well known as a late and very productive variety, succeeding and continuing in bearing several weeks after other sorts have disappeared from the market. Price $1 per hundred.

Bishop's Orange. A new and desirable variety, a very great bearer, and excellent quality. Price $4 per hundred.

Hovey's Seedling. Fruit of the very largest size, of superior quality, perfectly hardy and a great bearer. The foliage of this splendid variety, is very beautiful, and is a great favorite with all who have cultivated it. One doll. per doz. Price $5 per hundred.

Royal Scarlet. Fruit long, oval shaped, free bearer and very hardy. Price $1 per hundred.

We have also a few dozen of the Downton, Myotts and Elton Strawberry plants; new varieties and very highly esteemed. Price 18 per doz.

J. BRECK & CO. 51 and 52 North Market st. Boston.

Aug. 10. 3w.

SAYLE'S GARDEN ENGINE.

This is a splendid article. It will throw a constant stream of water to the distance of 50 or 60 feet, with great force, and in case of fire would be a good substitute for a fire engine. The most perfect article for the purpose ever introduced. For sale by J. BRECK & CO., No. 51 and 52 North Market street.

HOWARD'S IMPROVED EASY DRAUGHT PLOUGH.

Great improvements have been made the past year in the form and workmanship of these Ploughs; the mould board has been so formed as to *lay the furrow completely over, turning in every particle of grass or stubble, and leaving the ground in the best possible manner.* The length of the mould board has been very much increased, so that the Plough works with the greatest ease, both with respect to the holding and the team. The Committee at the late trial of Ploughs at Worcester, say,

"Should our opinion be asked as to which of the Ploughs we should prefer for use on a farm, we might perhaps say to the inquirer, if your land is mostly light and easy to work, try Prouty & Mears, but if your *land is heavy, hard orrocky,* BEGIN WITH Mr. Howard's."

At the above mentioned trial the Howard Plough *did more work, with the same power of team, than any other plough exhibited.* No other turned more than twentyseven and one half inches, to the 112 lbs. draught, while the *Howard Plough turned twentynine and one half inches, to the same power of team!* All acknowledge that Howard's Ploughs are much the strongest and most substantially made.

There has been quite an improvement made on the shoe, or land side of this Plough, which can be renewed without having to furnish a new landside: this shoe likewise secures the mould board and landside together, and strengthens the Plough very much.

The price of the Ploughs is from $6 to $15. A Plough, sufficient for breaking up with four cattle, will cost about $10 50, and with cutter $1, with wheel and cutter, $2 50 extra.

The above Ploughs are for sale, wholesale and retail, at the New England Agricultural Warehouse and Seed Store, Nos. 51 & 52 North Market Street, by

JOSEPH BRECK & CO.

April 20

LACTOMETERS—a simple instrument for testing the quality of milk. For sale by J. BRECK & CO.

MISCELLANEOUS.

SWALLOWS.

The following life-like article is from the pen of Mrs. Childs:—

There are different theories on the subject of instinct. Some consider it a special revelation to each creature; others believe it is founded on traditions handed down among animals, from generation to generation, and is therefore a matter of education. My own observation, two years ago, tends to confirm the latter theory. Two barn swallows came into our wood-shed in the spring time. Their busy, earnest twitterings led me at once to suspect they were looking out a building spot; but as a carpenter's bench was under the window, and frequent hammering, sawing and planing were going on, I had little hope that they would choose a location under our roof. To my surprise, however, they soon began to build in the crotch of a beam over the open door-way. I was delighted, and spent more time watching them than "penny-wise" people would have approved. It was was, in fact, a beautiful little drama of domestic love. The mother bird was *so* busy, and *so* important; and her mate was *so* attentive! Never did any newly married couple take more satisfaction with their first nicely arranged drawer of baby clothes, than did they in fashioning their little woven cradle.

The father bird scarcely ever left the side of the nest. There he was all day long, twittering in tones that were most obviously the outpourings of love. Sometimes he would bring in a straw or hair to be interwoven in the precious little fabric. One day my attention was arrested by a very unusual twittering, and I saw him circling round with a large downy feather in his bill. He bent over the unfinished nest, and offered it to his mate with the most graceful and loving air imaginable; and when she put up her mouth to take it, he poured forth *such* a gush of gladsome sound! It seemed as if pride and affection had swelled his heart, till it was almost too big for his little bosom. The whole transaction was the prettiest piece of fond coquetry, on both sides, that it was ever my good luck to witness.

It was evident that the father bird had formed correct opinions on "the woman question;" for during the process of incubation, he volunteered to perform his share of household duty. Three or four times a day would he, with coaxing twitterings, persuade his patient made to fly abroad for food; and the moment she left the eggs, he would take the maternal station, and give a loud alarm whenever cat or dog came about the premises. He certainly performed the office with far less ease and grace than she did; it was something in the style of an old bachelor tending a babe; but nevertheless it showed that his heart was kind, and his principles correct concerning division of labor. When the young ones came forth, he pursued the same equalizing policy, and brought at least half the food for his greedy little family.

But when they became old enough to fly, the veriest misanthrope would have laughed to watch their manœuvres. Such a chirping and twittering! Such diving down from the nest and flying up again! Such wheeling round in circles, talking to the young ones all the while! Such clinging to the sides of the shed with their sharp claws to show the timid little fledglings that there was no need of falling!

For three days all this was carried on with increasing activity. It was obviously an infant flying school. But all their talking and fussing was of no avail. The little downy things looked down, and then looked up, and alarmed at the infinity of space, sunk down into the nest again. At length the parents grew impatient and summoned their neighbors. As I was picking up chips one day, I found my head encircled with a swarm of swallows. They flew up to the nest, and jabbered away to the young ones; they clung to the walls, looking back to tell how the thing was done; they dived, and wheeled, and balanced, and floated, in a manner perfectly beautiful to behold.

The pupils were evidently much excited. They jumped on the edge of the nest, and twittered, and shook their feathers, and waved their wings, and then hopped back again, saying, "It's pretty sport, but we can't do it."

Three times the neighbors came and repeated their graceful lesson. The third time, two of the young birds gave a sudden plunge downward, and then fluttered and hopped till they lighted on a small upright log. And oh, such praises as were warbled by the whole troop! The air was filled with their joy! Some were flying around, swift as a ray of light; others were perched on the hoe-handle, and the teeth of the rake; multitudes clung to the wall, after the fashion of their pretty kind, and two were swinging, in most graceful style, on a pendant hoop. Never, while memory lasts, shall I forget that swallow party. I have frolicked with blessed Nature much and often; but this, above all her gambols, spoke into my inmost heart, like the glad voices of little children. The beautiful family continued to be our playmates, until the falling leaves gave token of approaching winter. For some time the little ones came home regularly to their nests at night. I was ever on the watch to welcome them, and count that none were missing. But at last they flew away to more genial skies, with a whole troop of relations and neighbors. It was a deep pain to me that I should never know them from other swallows, and that they would have no recollection of me. We had lived so friendly together, that I wanted to meet them in another world, if I could not in this; and I wept as a child weeps in its first grief.

There was somewhat too, in their beautiful life of loving freedom which was a reproach to me. Why was not *my* life as happy as theirs? Because they were innocent, confiding, and unconscious; they fulfilled all the laws of their being without obstruction.

Heavy Dose.—Have you no pen and ink? said a doctor to a poor woman whose child he was tending.

No, said the poor woman.

Well, I have lost my pencil—give me a piece of chalk.

And the doctor chalked a prescription upon the door, telling the afflicted mother to give *that* to her son when he woke.

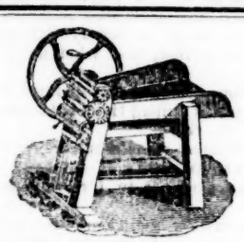
Take it, my boy, take it—said the old woman, lifting the door from its hinges and carrying it to the sick youth when he opened his eyes. I do n't know how you are to do it, I am sure; but the doctor says it is good, and you had better try it! —*Selected.*

"Never strike the wife of thy bosom, even with a blossom," says a Hindoo maxim.

A promising poet down east, who rejoices in the classical name of "S. Olympus Hubbard," after returning from a visit to Mount Agamenticus, "bust" out in a poetic strain, concluding thus—

"When I came down, the streets they wore
A different aspect from what they did when I went up
a little while before!"

Dutch Acumen.—"I 'm pound to decide dis case," said a Dutch justice, "py de weight of de desdimony—dat ish de law. Vel, here ish Hans Van Pelt, Nechlas Vebber, Brom Vander, and Helger Von Brunt who shwears dey tid not see de prisoner take de poots, and only dree shwears dey tid see him take de poots. De weight of de desdimony ish in his favor. He may go away, and *de gonstastable shall pay for de poots!*"—*Mohawk Courier.*



GREEN'S PATENT STRAW CUTTER.

JOSEPH BRECK & CO. at the New England Agricultural Warehouse and Seed Store Nos. 51 and 52 North Market Street, have for sale, Green's Patent Straw, Hay and Stalk Cutter, operating on a mechanical principle not before applied to any implement for this purpose. The most prominent effects of this application, and some of the consequent peculiarities of the machine are:

1. So great a reduction of the quantum of power requisite to use it, that the strength of a half grown boy is sufficient to work it efficiently.

2. With even this moderate power, it easily cuts two bushels a minute, which is full twice as fast as has been claimed by any other machine even when worked by horse or steam power.

3. The knives, owing to the peculiar manner in which they cut, require sharpening less often than those of any other straw cutter.

4. The machine is simple in its construction, made and put together very strongly. It is therefore not so liable as the complicated machines in general use to get out of order.

AGRICULTURAL IMPLEMENTS, &c.

The Proprietors of the New England Agricultural Warehouse and Seed Store No. 51 and 52 North Market street, would inform their customers and the public generally that they have on hand the most extensive assortment of Agricultural and Horticultural Tools to be found in the United States. Part of which are the following:

1000 Howard's Patent Cast Iron Ploughs.	100 doz. Cast Steel Shovels.
300 Common do. do.	150 " Common do.
200 Cultivators.	100 " Spades.
100 Greene's Straw Cutters.	500 " Grass Scythes.
50 Willis' do. do.	300 " Patent Snaiths.
100 Common do. do.	200 " Common do.
100 Willis' Patent Corn Shellers.	500 " Hay Rakes.
50 Common do do.	200 " Garden do.
200 Willis' Seed Sowers.	200 " Manure Forks.
50 " Vegetable Cutters	300 " Hay do.
50 Common do. do.	500 Pair Trace Chains.
200 Hand Corn Mills.	100 " Truck do.
200 Grain Cradles.	100 Draft do.
100 Ox Yokes.	500 Tie up do.
1500 Doz. Scythe Stones.	50 doz. Halter do.
3000 " Austin's Rifles.	1000 yards Fence do.
	25 Grind Stones on rollers.

March 17.

NEW ENGLAND FARMER.

A WEEKLY PAPER.

Terms, $2 per year *in advance*, or $2 50 if not paid within thirty days.

N. B.—Postmasters are permitted by law to frank all subscriptions and remittances for newspapers, without expense to subscribers.

TUTTLE AND DENNETT, PRINTERS.